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Allen Kilam 3rd

Northern Messenger

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We Are His Flock.

(J. Newton, in the 'Cottager and Artisan.')

The Saviour calls His people sheep,
And bids them on His love rely;
For He alone their souls can keep,
And He alone their wants supply.

Jehovah is our Saviour's name,
Then what have we, though weak, to fear?
Our sin and folly we proclaim
If we despond while He is near.

When Satan threatens to devour,
When troubles press on every side,
Think on our Saviour's care and power,
He can defend, He will provide.

See the rich pastures of His grace,
Where in full streams salvation flows:
There He appoints our resting-place,
And we may feel secure from foes.

There, 'midst the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
The sheep around in safety lie;
The wolf in vain with malice swells,
For He protects them with His eye.

Dear Lord, if I am one of Thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free;
To trust, and love, and praise is mine,
The care of all belongs to Thee.

The Window.

(By Charles H. Dorris.)

Just at dusk was the great window finished, and in the twilight we stood looking at it.

'I don't see anything so very pretty about it,' said the lad. 'It looks rather gloomy, I think.'

'It does look somewhat somber,' I replied, 'but wait till to-morrow, and then we will pass judgment.'

Just as we left the church the lights were turned on.

'O,' exclaimed the lad, stopping on the sidewalk and gazing up at the transfigured window, 'it's not so bad, after all.'

'No,' I replied, 'it's not bad, but wait till to-morrow.'

The next morning, when the sun was flooding all the earth, we again entered the church. Scarcely had we crossed the threshold when the lad stopped, transfixed.

'Papa,' he exclaimed, 'is that the same window we were looking at last night?'

'The very same window,' I replied.

'Then is it the sun shining through that changes it so? Oh, how beautiful!'

'Yes, child,' I answered. 'The sun gives it its beauty.'

We stood gazing at the window for a time, and then the lad asked:

'Papa, is that what makes old Mr. Jackson such a different sort of a man from what he used to be—the sunlight shining through him?'

'Yes, my boy,' I replied. 'The Sun of righteousness has entered the old man's heart and transfigured him.'

'And his life is beautiful now,' mused the lad.—Selected.

The Art of Being Likeable.

'If I were a student,' declared President Charles F. Thwing to the readers of the 'Saturday Evening Post,' 'I would try to cultivate the major graces. I say major graces. Usually we speak of the virtues as major and the graces as minor. I have no purpose to depreciate virtue or the virtues. But I do wish to make significant the place which the graces play in the life of the student. The graces constitute the lady or the gentleman. These elements are far more contributory to the happiness and success of the career of the student than he usually believes. There are many men who are faithful, honest, able, who yet fail to secure the results which faithfulness, honesty, ability, ought to secure, for the simple reason that they are not gentlemen. They are not likeable and they are not liked.

The one comprehensive element in the major graces is graciousness. Graciousness is the one condition out of which the individual graces grow and blossom. It is appreciation of the other man at his full worth, and even at more than his full worth. It is favoring of him who is undeserving or even ill-deserving. It is putting one's self in the place of the other. It is not only the golden rule, but it is even more—it is not simply loving your neighbor as yourself, but loving him a little better. It is certainly treating him with an honesty and a favoritism higher than you would demand of yourself for yourself. Its significance is well-embodied in the phrase, "After you, sir."

'Of course, graciousness is never to become fawning. Fawning is born of the desire to secure certain favors from a superior. It is essentially base and mean. Graciousness is founded upon the genuine belief that the person to whom one is gracious has a certain right to receive a favor; or, rather, that the one who is gracious has a certain right to bestow a favor upon the ill-deserving or undeserving. Fawning is asking favors; graciousness is giving favors. Graciousness is very well described in saying "It suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things."

Take the Other Hand.

It was one of the first days of spring, when a lady, who had been watching by the sick-bed of her mother for some weeks, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air. She hoped she might hear a bird sing, or see some little wild flower, which would speak to her of future hope, for her heart was heavy with anxiety and sorrow.

After walking some distance she came to a ropewalk. She was familiar with the place, and being fond of the smell of tar, she entered the place. At one end of the building she saw a little boy turning a very large wheel; she thought it was too laborious for such a child, and as she came near to him she spoke to him.

'Who sent you to this place?' she asked.

'Nobody; I came of myself.'

'Does your father know you are here?'

'I have no father.'

'Are you paid for your labor?'

'Yes, I get ninepence a day.'

'What do you do with your money?'

'I give it to my mother.'

'Do you like this work?'

'Well enough; but if I did not I should do it, that I might get money for my mother.'

'How long do you work in the day?'

'From nine till twelve in the morning and from two till five in the afternoon.'

'How old are you?'

'Almost nine.'

'Are you never tired of turning this great wheel?'

'Yes, sometimes.'

'And what do you do then?'

'I take the other hand.'

The lady gave him a piece of money. 'Is this for my mother?' said he, looking pleased.

'Yes, and for yourself.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' the boy said.

She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty and instructed in practical Christian philosophy by the words of a little child, as she said: 'The next time that duty seems hard to me, I will, like this little boy, not complain, but "take the other hand."'—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Conscience Awakened by the Bible.

A little girl who lived on the slope of a great smoky mountain was trudging home with a Bible which her Sunday-school teacher had given her. She was afraid to take it home for fear her grandfather would not let her keep it, for he was a rough, wicked man. She kneeled down by the side of the road and prayed: 'Dear God, please make grandpa to love the Bible and be a good man, and let me keep it. And bless the little girl up North, for Jesus' sake. Amen.' The Bible had been sent to her by a little girl from the North.

She showed it to her mother who said: 'My child, I am glad you have something to make you happy.' When she showed it to her grandfather, he said: 'You can keep it, but you need not read it out loud.'

A picture card dropped from the Bible as the little girl was putting it away. Her grandfather picked it up and read, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' He had heard that verse years before the war, and it made a deep impression on his mind.

He was what is called a 'moonshiner,' because he made and sold liquor contrary to the law. That night he quietly took the Bible and opened it, and read these words, 'Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink.' He hastily closed the book and went to his troubled sleep. He kept continually thinking, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.'

It had such an effect upon his mind that the old man went and searched more in the Scriptures. One Sunday a few weeks later, the same old man was kneeling in prayer, penitent and happy. The word of God had such power over his mind that it brought him to repentance and to Christ.—'Sunday-school Illustrator.'

The Bloom and the Light.

(Frank L. Stanton, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Back of the gloom—
The bloom!
Back of the strife—
Sweet life,
And flowering meadows that glow and gleam,
Where the winds sing joy and the daisies dream,
And the sunbeams color the quickening clod,
And faith in the future, and trust in God.
Back of the gloom—
The bloom!

Fronting the night—
The light!
Under the snows—
The rose!
And the vales sing joy to the misty hills,
And the wild winds ripple it down the rills;
And the far stars answer the song that swells
With all the music of all the bells!
Fronting the night—
The light!

What Noted Men Think of the Bible.

I have examined all, as well as my narrow sphere, my straitened means, and my busy life would allow me; and the result is that the Bible is the best book in the world.—John Adams.

So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country, and respectable members of society.—John Quincy Adams.

I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic stote of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and color; and even the noble Stoic, Marcus Antoninus, is too high and refined for an ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. By the study of what other book could children be so humanised? If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure.—Professor Huxley.

Peruse the books of philosophers, with all their pomp of diction, how meagre, how contemptible, are they when compared with the Scriptures! The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration.—Rousseau.

The farther the ages advance in cultivation, the more can the Bible be used, partly as the foundation, partly as the means of education, not of course by superficial but by really wise men.—Goethe.

That book is the rock upon which our republic rests.—Andrew Jackson.

Confidence.

'Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?'

Dear Lord, with shame we now confess
Our want of trust, and faithlessness
In thine almighty arm;
We mourn the hardness of the way,
Sin's fierce temptations day by day,
When none can do us harm.

In spite of all earth's restless strife,
The turmoil of our daily life,
Thy word of love is clear;
That Thou wilt keep in perfect peace,
And from all anxious care release
Thy blood-bought people here.

Lord, I will trust Thee with my care,
My daily load thine arm shall bear,
I on thy Word will rest,
And so, whate'er each day may bring,
In every trying hour or thing,
Thy faithfulness I'll test.

My strength from henceforth I shall find
In quietness and peace of mind,
My strivings all shall end;
The future's paths I need not dread;
Thou wilt supply, as Thou has said,
The needed grace wilt send.

—Author Unknown.

A Tactful Rebuke.

Sometimes evil can be rebuked effectively if it is done in a tactful way. A Christian crossing the ocean was much annoyed by the profanity of several men in the party. Finally he said to them one day, 'All of you gentlemen I believe are Englishmen, and if so you believe in fair play, do you not?'

'Certainly, that is a characteristic of Britons everywhere.'

'Well, gentlemen, I notice that you have indulged in a good deal of profanity, and I think it is my turn to swear next. Isn't that fair?'

'Of course it is,' said the others.

'Very well. Remember that you are not to swear again until I have had my turn.'

'But you won't take your turn.'

'Yes, I will, just as soon as I see a real occasion for it.'

From time to time they urged him to use his prerogative, but he assured them that he certainly would do so as soon as a real occasion for it occurred. All this was done in a playful, bantering way, but the result was that he kept their profanity bottled up all the rest of the voyage, and doubtless compelled them to realize the folly if not the sin of using profane language.

If we are conscious of a lack of tact let us ask the Master to bestow it upon us, and he will surely do it, for he hath said, 'My God shall supply all your need.' The basis of true tact is a love which shrinks from putting another in an embarrassing situation, which is blind to many little faults, but which is so eager for his salvation that it misses no opportunity to press home his urgent need of a Saviour, and God's supreme love for us.—'Union Gospel News.'

Acknowledgments.

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Received for the launch:—Cedar Valley Sunday School, Dungannon, Ont., per John A. Johnston, $1.00; Mrs. R. Woodburn, Lisgar, Que., $2.00; M. Chaster, Home Sound, $2.00; A Friend, Ottawa, $1.00; Total.. .. ..$	6.00
Received for the cots:—Cedar Valley Sunday School, Dungannon, $3.50; L. M. Craig, Strassburg, Sask., $5.00; Total.. .. ..$	8.00
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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1909.

Review.

Acts xv., 36—xxi., 17.

Golden Text.

So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed. Acts xix., 20.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 13.—Acts xvi., 6-15.
Tuesday, September 14.—Acts xvi., 23-40.
Wednesday, September 15.—Acts xvii., 10-23.
Thursday, September 16.—Acts xviii., 24—xix., 10.
Friday, September 17.—Acts xix., 22-41.
Saturday, September 18.—Acts xx., 17-38.
Sunday, September 19.—Acts xxi., 1-17.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

We have all read and studied a great deal about Paul now, haven't we? I wonder if any of you could tell me something about what he was like, I don't mean his looks, but the kind of a man he was. For one thing—do you think he was lazy? or selfish? You all say 'no.' What makes you think he wasn't lazy? The way he worked going about from city to city preaching, and very often earning his own living at the same time making tents. And we know he wasn't selfish because he was working all the time for other people. It was not easy to travel in his days as it is now, and Paul, who knew he was getting to be an old man (Philemon, 9), might have said to himself that it was time for him to rest and let the young men do the work. But in a recent Sunday's lesson we read how he said 'I count not my life dear unto myself.' He had given himself to God and now only wanted to work for Him. To-day we are supposed to review all that we have been told about two long missionary trips that Paul took, in all about six or seven years of travel. Does that seem long to you? Can you remember very well what happened six or seven years ago? A very great deal can happen in such a time as that, and a great deal did happen in that time to Paul. He got locked up in a prison and let out by an earthquake. He got mixed up in a big riot and once he saw a young man fall out of a window and kill himself. He had to go long journeys by land and water and he met a great many people. It would take too long to go over all that Paul did, but we can surely remember some of the things that we have learned. For instance—Paul had a friend who was a gaoler in one of the cities Paul visited, and can anyone tell us how this man came to be Paul's friend, and invited him in to have supper one time?

FOR THE SENIORS.

The chapters covering the quarter's lessons should be read over carefully so as to get the story of these two missionary journeys thoroughly clear and connected, and the apparent breaks in the narrative where the two selections from Paul's epistles come (lessons 6 and 9), should be recognized as essential parts of the story. Paul, during these journeyings, carried with him continually 'the care of all the churches' (II. Cor. xi., 28, 29), and his mind was never so engrossed with the work in hand that he forgot the little companies of Christians that he had been forced to leave behind. He wrote several of his epistles during this time, those to the Corinthians, to the Thessalonians, to the Galatians and to the Romans. In all probability there were others but these have come down to us and show the remarkable mind of the man who could produce such masterpieces of clear reasoning. He was heart and soul in his work and under his leadership, largely, it was that 'so mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed.' God has so signally honored man as to place in his hands the affairs of His kingdom on earth. Paul appreciated his charge at its proper value, but is there any responsibility of a similar sort resting upon us as individual Christians to-day? If in our home, in our immediate neighborhood, in our church, 'the word of the Lord' seems to be losing any of its power, are we individually in any way to blame? This is an age when the church is reawakening to its responsibility in regard to missions, and the effect is being gloriously evident in many of the mission fields, but has God exempted any one of us from our duty in regard to the extension of His kingdom? Or is God willing to use us while our ears are too dull to hear the call, on our hands too unwilling to give their service?

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 19.—Topic—Songs in the heart and on the lips. Col. iii., 16.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, September 13.—A stranger here. I. Pet. ii., 11-25.

Tuesday, September 14.—A passing pageant. I. John ii., 15-17.

Wednesday, September 15.—Satan's offer. Matt. iv., 8-11.

Thursday, September 16.—What is not vanity? Heb. xii., 25-28.

Friday, September 17.—Made a spectacle. I. Cor. iv., 6-13.

Saturday, September 18.—The end of vanity. Rev. xviii., 1-8; xxi., 1-5.

Sunday, September 19.—Topic — Pilgrim's Progress Series. IX. Vanity Fair. Eccl. i., 12-18; ii., 1-11.

Getting Ready for Work.

(Carol Kennedy, in the 'Primary Teacher.')

Teaching little children promotes unselfishness, and the primary teacher who has been successful in any branch of her work is always willing and even anxious to tell it to others whom it may help. Hence, there are almost numberless articles and books written on primary work, and every one of them is helpful, but there are very few of them that are entirely comprehensive to the teacher who has never taught a primary class, nor even been near one since she belonged to it in childhood. It is with a real desire to help these new teachers that the writer gives these leaves from the record of her personal experience.

The teacher who has been the assistant of a good primary superintendent for a number of years, as often happens, is very fortunate, and can readily take hold of the work. She knows already the most important and difficult thing to learn—the children she is to teach. If she has been the secretary, she knows even better than the superintendent, perhaps, the names and faces of the little people she is to teach, and if she is wise, she will visit and learn the homes before she takes charge of the class. This is possible also for the teacher who must come to the class a stranger. She must have at least a month's time to prepare herself for the work. Obtaining the names and addresses from the teacher, she will have time to visit every home, making a note of the impression received at every visit. Future visits may change this impression; but however this may be, she still owns a book that will be more valuable to her than any primary Help she may ever be able to secure.

If the primary superintendent's work is to be done under the supervision of an up-to-date school superintendent, she will have a comparatively easy and well-made road to travel. He will be able to give her the names of three of the best primary teachers in her city, to visit on three of the Sundays of her preparatory month. He will pick out for her at least two assistants, a pianist and a secretary, provided, of course, the teacher whose place she is to take has neither, as was the case with the writer's predecessor. One or both of these assistants should go with her on her round of visits to the other schools, getting items that will be helpful in the performance of their new duties.

The wise superintendent will give each of these assistants a clear idea of the work she is to perform, and just what result she desires from their work, and then let them do it in their own way. However, she will be the supreme authority in the class. As an experienced teacher, long in the work, expressed it at a recent meeting of a Primary Union: 'When I found it necessary to take a new assistant, I told her plainly that if she came to me, it must be with the understanding that I was "boss."' It would hardly be practicable to talk to everyone in this way, but just this truth must be conveyed in some tactful manner.

Religious News.

The General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church have unanimously decided to enter into an unrestricted conference on union. This is an event of the greatest moment, whatever the immediate issue may be. Those who are most familiar with the ecclesiastical life of Scotland will be the most ready to appreciate its importance. We confess to being amazed that in each case the vote was unanimous, for each Church embraces many who differ seriously in their convictions, and hold their views with intense tenacity. That they should have combined to seek union, and that in a most exemplary Christian temper, shows that they are actuated by a very living and powerful emotion.—'British Weekly.'

The Christians in the diocese of Madras, which covers a large section of South India, contributed last year 19,789 rupees. This represents practically two shillings for every man, woman, and child. Does not this statement put to shame many professing Christians at home, whose contribution toward the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ outside their own country consists of an odd copper which they give with reluctance? Many of the Christians in South India live on the verge of starvation for a good part of each year, yet they value the faith of Christ so highly that they are willing to endure real self-denial in order to extend its knowledge.—'The Mission Field.'

The Turkish Empire covers an area of about 1,500,000 square miles and contains a population of about 29,000,000, of which about two-thirds are Mohammedans. The Christians include Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Jacobites, Copts, Bulgarians, Protestants and Roman Catholics. More than thirty missionary societies are at work among this population, and these figures show something of the results achieved to date: 20,000 communicants and 60,000 adherents, upward of 50 higher institutions of learning, 55 hospitals and dispensaries with near 200,000 patients annually.

The Rev. W. B. Steele writes as follows in the 'Missionary Herald':

God has put a practical leader and eloquent preacher at the capital of China to follow Dr. Ament. Pastor Li weighs over two hundred, but his manhood is even more conspicuously weighty. His parents became Christians forty years ago, a heroism then, and somewhat of a heroism still. His brother is an elder in the Presbyterian church at Pao-ting-fu and his sister, a Bible-woman, was a martyr in 1900. He was a good student in college, but through and through a boy. At the close of his senior year the revival that blest the college community found young Li deeply responsive. With some fellow students he visited the outstations to extend the spirit of the revival. Here they saw the beginnings of Boxer fanaticism. The college church at Peking, with its important evangelistic work, is a most strategic post. He is doing valiantly as its pastor and stands for large promise in its ministry. And who dares dream of the promise for which his five children stand, third generation Christians, whose suggestive names are Glorious Grace, Glorious Virtue, Glorious Growth, Glorious Happiness, and Glorious Harmony?

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Broncho Buster.' By Britt Mitchell (age 13).
2. 'Running Errands.' Morley Wentzel, L. C., N.S.
3. 'The Station.' Frank Fraser (age 15), M., P.Q.
4. 'A Barnyard Scene.' Melvin Wentzel (age 15), L. C., N.S.
5. 'Our Barn.' George Murray, M., Manitoba.
6. 'A Happy Family.' Edith Smith (age 11).

We are glad to welcome to the R. L. K., Bertha, Edmund and Ralph Mohr, L., Sask.; Reginald Coles, V., P.Q.; Everett Kingsburg, C., P.Q.; Edith Smith, W., Ont.; May Slater and Myrtle Naismith, H., Sask.; Annie Crowdis, B., C.B.; Reta Anderson, K., Man. We are specially glad to welcome Annie, the little sister of our helper, Dorothy Crowdis. We never publish addresses, Ena Douglas, but if any of our readers will send letters addressed 'Editor Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal,' we will see that they reach the little invalid. A very generous idea of yours, Ena.—Ed.

P. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I see no letters from Port Mouton, I guess I will write one. I used to take the 'Messenger'; but my sister takes it now, and I take the 'Canadian Pictorial.' We all like to see the pictures and read about the different events. All the stock we have is a horse, and his name is Jed. We have been in Port Mouton only a short time, for we used to live in Advocate which is a long way from here.

BRITT M.

L., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to your club before. Our school is going to start on Monday and I am going, as I am very fond of going to school.

BERTHA MOHR.

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm and go to school every day. I have one brother and one sister. We go to Sunday School. My papa is away. I take care of the horse and milk two cows. I am ten years old.

ELDON J. SPRAGG.

L., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to your club. The badges look very pretty. I am nine years old. We will have to go to school on Monday.

EDMUND MOHR.

L., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I would like to become a member of your club. I am in the Fourth Class, and I am 13 years old. I am taking care of five horses. I would like to get a badge.

RALPH MOHR.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was pleased to see my other drawing and letter published, so I am sending you another. I take great interest in the R. L. K. I have a boat of my own, and as I live near the water I have learned how to row and manage a boat myself. Thinking my letter is long enough, I will close.

EDITH SMITH (aged 11).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters, who are all younger than I am. I am nine years old. I have one pet, a cow. I love the 'Messenger' very much. I don't know what I would do without it.

EVA GORDON.

A STORM ON THE SEA.

The storm without was raging wild,
  Within, low bending, knelt a child.
'O, mother,' pleading, 'You need not fear
  Though father is gone there is One quite near.'

'Mother, dear father can trust in Him,'
  She said, and the mother's eye grew dim.
'O, mother, please wipe those tears away
  And trust to see father at home some day.

I'll pray the dear Lord for him once more
  That he may come again to shore,
Mother, mother, you need not despair,
  Have faith and he'll live through the storm out there.'

The storm was growing worse and worse,
  It seemed to howl at them a curse;
The child clung fast to her mother's side,
  She could not then her tears quite hide.

The mother managed to calm herself,
  And rising lifted the lamp from the shelf,
Lit it, and put her child in bed,
  Then knelt and in prayer bent low her head.

The storm raged on in search of prey
  But slowly died at the coming of day,
And over the sands the father came;—
  With joy the mother wept again.

The child that morn could not but say
  'We saw him, mother, another day.'
The mother stooped to kiss her child
  And murmured 'I'll trust when the storms are wild.'

I. M. D.

OTHER LETTERS.

Rovene Downey, C., N.B., writes a little letter telling about her life in her home and saying 'We are going away this summer.'

Florence Arkell, H., Ont., asks the address of one of the correspondents. We have not kept this address, Florence, and have had to make it a rule for several reasons, as we have explained before, not to give the addresses of correspondents.

We would be glad to print your 'Easter Lily,' Melvin Wentzel, but you drew it on the back of your other picture. Send it in on a fresh sheet and perhaps we can use it.—Ed.

Is Idleness Honorable?

'I guess they don't have to work if they have plenty of money,' said a boy of nine, that had been brought up in a Christian home, on hearing me condemn the rich idlers that drift about the world on yachts, with no occupation except to spend in pleasure vast fortunes which they never earned. A young man of twice that age, a member of the Church, returning reluctantly to business from the Adirondacks, remarked: 'If I had plenty of money I would do nothing but hunt.' This common opinion that work is a dishonor, to be dropped whenever one can live without it, is both unchristian and un-American.

To a Chinese nobleman the proudest decorations are long finger nails, which are displayed as silent proof that for years he has done no work, whether with spade or pen. There are Americans who are equally proud with as little cause, of their 'lily fingers.' Not such was the hand of Christ, the carpenter. Not such were the hands of God's first family.

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

God's law for all from the first has been, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' There is no 'if you need money' in this divine and universal law, which is flagrantly broken by thousands of Christians, especially by well-to-do women. Miss Grace Dodge, of New York City, who works as a philanthropist in behalf of working girls, with brain and voice and pen, as hard and as regularly as the girls themselves, and without pay because wealthy, is accustomed to say that she has been paid in advance. The chief reason for all kinds of worthy work is to render service to our generation. The 'pay' is incidental and for those who need it to support them while they work. We recognize this in the case of preachers. In a 'profession' service is primary, salary secondary. We use the word 'trade' when this order is reversed; but it should never be reversed. We have not learned the A B C of the Bible until we have learned that it is every man's duty to devote himself to strenuous work of body or mind six days a week, whether he is 'paid' for it or not. That is what he was made for. If he has been 'paid in advance,' let him devote his talents to some charity or reform as steadily as those who work from more selfish motives. If he can 'retire' from business, let it be into philanthropy, not idleness. If one does not find any other sufficient opening for his energy, let him as steadily as a college student devote himself six days a week to systematic study or reading, that will at once afford mental exercise and preparation for larger usefulness.

It is only sinful or selfish work that is a 'curse.' In work to which God has assigned us by talent or Providence, work in proper days and hours, we find our 'Paradise Regained.'—'20th Century Quarterly.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

God Bless Canada.

All ye who love Canadian ground,
Come, make the echoes ring.
While hills and woods and plains resound,
With the glorious song we'll sing.
We'll raise our voices in a song,
To the land of Canada.
And swell the chorus loud and long,
With a hip, hip hip, hurrah!

Be it grim winter with his storms,
That rules the circling year.
Or golden summer's sun, that warms,
And fills the land with cheer.
With constant hearts we'll raise our song,
The song of Canada.
And swell the chorus loud and long,
With a hip, hip hip, hurrah!

Hurrah for the land of wood and lake,
Of the prairie rolling free.
Our shout shall make the mountains shake,
As it rolls from sea to sea.
And ever while we raise our song,
To our land, our Canada.
And swell the chorus loud and long,
With a hip, hip hip, hurrah!

May never war nor discord rend
Thy land where we abide,
May justice, love and freedom, send
Their influence far and wide.
And while to Heaven we raise this song,
'God bless our Canada.'
And swell the chorus loud and long,
With a hip, hip hip, hurrah!

W. F.

Joan's Test.

(Freda Hudson, in the 'Otago Witness.')

(Concluded.)

'It's always so,' she sobbed, giving way to hysterical tears when once alone. 'No wonder father can't love me much when I'm too big a coward to help him at all. Oh, I wish I was a boy, or else as brave as Prue!'

Poor motherless Joan had no one to confide her woes to, so simply choked them back, and was ready to pour out tea as usual when the doctor and Prue came in. However, she felt miserably conscious that she was in disgrace again, even without her father's cold words.

'I wish, Joan, you had a little of Prue's nerve. Unless you cultivate courage you won't be of much use in the world.'

The poor child cried herself to sleep that night, but the silent slumber fairies work wonders, and next day Joan looked her serene little self again as, mounted on frisky little Brownie, she set off for a lonely bush ride.

Dr. Bruce was stationed in a small town, miles from the busy city. His patients were scattered far and wide among the little settlements, and he had to travel many miles over rough roads and in all weathers, but he earned a reward in the love and gratitude of many to whom the stern, yet true-hearted doctor had often proved a very angel of mercy.

Joan, 'our doctor's lassie,' was well known, too, and many a visit she paid to lonely shanties and homesteads, carrying old magazines or little delicacies.

This afternoon she was on her way to visit some special proteges of hers—a fine old man and his wife, who lived away in the heart of the kauri bush, and were, in fact, gumdiggers. Her way led up steep ranges, across rocky creeks, and through gullies, fern-carpeted and gay with the crimson pohutakawa bloom, the yellow bells of the kowhai, the creeping trails of starry clematis, and all the tiny unnamed blossoms that help to make the New Zealand bush a veritable fairyland. At length, in the heart of the bush, where mighty kauris towered around, Joan drew rein beside a tiny whare, and jumping off, ran in with a laughing, 'Well, Kitty, did you think I had forgotten you altogether?' No answer, and a glance round showed that the place was empty.

A great pile of kauri gum lay in one corner, of all shades of color, from deep gold to red and black, waiting to be scraped and sorted, and on the table stood a large damper, as white and as light as any town chef could produce. Joan waited awhile, then went outside, and sent a ringing 'coo-ee,' echoing among the trees. Silence. Then from the distance a faint 'coo-ee' came back.

'Come on Brownie; we'll go and meet them,' she said, starting off, Brownie following like a pet dog.

'Coo-ee!' called Joan again presently, and then, just beside her, a weak voice cried—

'I'm here, Miss Joan, and powerful glad to see someone at last.'

There, almost at her feet lay old Jack, the owner of the hut. He had evidently been chopping down a tree, which, in falling, had pinned the poor fellow to the earth.

'Oh, Jack, I am sorry. Are you badly hurt?' cried Joan, anxiously, dropping on her knees beside him.

'My leg's broke for sure,' he groaned, 'but I could bear that if only the tree wasn't crushing it. No, Missie, you can't move it; its too heavy for your little hands, and here I've lain since this morning. Kitty's away to the village store.'

'But its not too heavy a load for Brownie,' cried Joan brightly, after thinking a minute. 'May I try, Jack? I won't hurt you more than I can help.'

'Try what you like, Missie; it can't be worse,' groaned the old man.

'Come here, Brownie,' called Joan coaxingly to the pony, leading him against the fallen trunk, and harnessing him to it by the stout rope Jack used for dragging his firewood with.

'Now, then, pull up, my beauty.'

Brownie turned his soft, dark eyes reproachfully on his young mistress, as if he could not understand being used as a cart-horse. Not a step did he stir.

'Oh, Brownie, we must get this away,' coaxed Joan, with both arms round her pet's neck. 'Now do pull just once.'

With a submissive little whinny, as if he would say, 'Well, I can't imagine what you're up to, but I'll try and please you.' Brownie bent his sturdy shoulders, and with a steady pull rolled the tree clear of poor Jack.

Highly delighted, Joan turned to him, only to find he had fainted with the sudden release.

'Oh dear,' she murmured, 'I do wish Prue was here instead of me; my legs get so wobbly.' But in spite of that, she raced to the creek for water, which soon restored her patient.

He dreaded being moved, so after a trip to the whare for blankets to cover him with, Joan mounted her pony again.

'Now, Jack, I'm off for father, and I'll fetch him as quick as I can, so cheer up.'

'Bless you, Miss Joan,' said the old fellow fervently. 'I'll do fine now, with the warm rugs and a drink handy. Do you think the doctor will come to-night? I shouldn't like to lie here in the dark all alone.'

'You shan't, if I can help it, Jack. Father will come at once, I know. Now, good-by.'

Waving her hand encouragingly she trotted off rapidly, and an hour's hard riding brought her home, only to find that Dr. Bruce had left during her absence for a village 10 miles away.

'Uncle left long ago, and he said he would stay there all night,' added Prue, 'so we must just wait till morning.'

'Jack can't wait out there in the cold and with a broken leg,' cried Joan, almost in tears. 'Prue, let you and me ride after father.'

'Oh, Joan, I can't; it's nearly dark now, and it's all through the bush and so lonely.'

'Not so lonely as for poor old Jack, and its starlight. Come on, Prue!'

'I won't, and Uncle wouldn't let us, you know, Joan. Oh, you can't go alone,' as Joan turned quietly to the door. 'Oh, I'll run and tell nurse to stop you.'

'Father must be got, Prue, and if you won't come I'll just have to go alone.'

'Well, go, then!' cried Prue angrily; 'I know you'll turn back as soon as it gets dark; you're such a little coward.'

Without a word, but with tears of wounded feeling in her eyes, Joan set off, mounted on her cousin's pony, and leaving Brownie to enjoy his feed, passed into the gathering gloom. It was lonely. Tall trees threw black, inky shadows over the narrow track, dark bushes looked like crouching beasts, and queer rustlings among the long reeds and rushes gave Joan a sick sensation of fear; but the thought of poor old Jack alone, bearing all this and dreadful pain beside, spurred her on, and she resolutely looked straight ahead and urged the pony as fast as she dared.

'Only two miles more, Fairy,' she said joyfully at last. 'What a feed you shall have! Oh, what was that queer red glare ahead; surely not a fire?' Yes, it was, indeed, and a big one. The darkness around was lit up by the glow, and the path in front seemed a track of fire.

Joan almost cried with disappointment. 'I must go on now when it's so near,' she breathed.

Cautiously she urged the pony forward, and, leaving the track, pushed her way through titree and scrub, skirting the fire. Turning round presently she saw the flames creeping behind her, cutting off her retreat indeed. Setting her teeth, she struggled on, the air growing hotter, and puffs of choking smoke almost blinding her.

'What a blessing Fairy doesn't mind fire much,' she gasped; 'Brownie would be nearly mad.'

On, on, till Stony Creek was reached, and she made a dash for the bridge—gone—burnt through. 'Never mind, Fairy, we'll wade it. In you go!'

Tucking up her habit, she crouched, kneeling, on the saddle, while the gallant little pony struggled to keep its feet in the swift current. The fire, roaring behind them, was stopped by the wide creek, but seemed reluctant to lose its prey.

A huge tree flaring on the bank cracked and fell almost upon them, showering sparks and clouds of hissing steam. It was too much for Fairy's nerves. With a snort of terror she plunged wildly, throwing poor Joan into the dark water, and then rushed out on the further side. As the cold water closed over her head, Joan's hazy, dreamy thought was: 'Well, it's better to be drowned than burned'; but as she rose again, choking and gasping, she collected her wits and struggled vigorously for the shore. Fortunately, the creek was not very deep here, and, aided by large rocks, she slipped and staggered out, to stand shivering and watching the raging fire, which now seemed an impassable wall on the opposite bank.

'What a shame of Fairy to play me that trick! My Brownie wouldn't have done it,' thought Joan wearily. 'I'm glad it's not far now, for I'm so tired I would just like to lie down and sleep.'

She trudged along unsteadily, but presently a soft head came rubbing against her shoulder, and she turned with a start to find Fairy following, and looking very much ashamed. How thankfully the tired child climbed to the saddle again. It was a fortunate thing the pony knew its way, and trotted soberly on, for its little mistress was unable to do more than simply cling to the pommel. If Fairy had been backjumping or performing circus tricks she could scarcely have felt more insecure.

'What is the matter with me?' thought the poor, exhausted child. 'I feel as if I were on a see-saw. If Fairy canters I'll tumble off, for sure.'

Dr. Bruce was enjoying a quiet smoke before retiring when the servant announced: 'A young lady to see you, sir. I don't know whether she's a patient or not, but I rather think she's queer in the head a bit; must see you, she says.'

'Show her up,' said the doctor resignedly, and in staggered a little figure in a drenched

WATER-WINGS.

Pleasure and profit for all who live near the water. More popular than ever—made of stout cotton, can be carried in the pocket, yet with a moment's blowing up will support a very heavy person in the water, enabling them very quickly to learn to swim. If you can swim already, there's heaps of fun waiting for you in a pair of waterwings. Sell EIGHT COPIES of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 CENTS EACH, send us the money, and you get the wings at once. Write us for a package to-day.

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riding habit, hat gone, and trickling streams of water across the floor.

'Joan!' he exclaimed, doubting his eyes.

'I came to fetch you, father; poor old Jack's broken his leg, and is hurt badly. There was no one else to come, so I had to.'

'What! You came alone?' cried her father.

'Yes. You aren't cross, are you, father? I—', but here Joan's voice and strength deserted her together, and she collapsed in a little wet heap at the doctor's feet.

* * * *

When she opened her eyes again it was broad daylight, and her father was bending over her, bathing her brow.

'Oh, father!' she whispered feebly; 'you should not have stayed here minding me; poor Jack wants you most.'

'I've been to him and back again, young lady. Do you know, you have slept right on till this afternoon, little lazy-bones? And here is poor Prue, thinking you never meant to wake up at all.'

'Oh, Joan, dear, I'm so sorry I called you a coward,' called Prue, appearing with eyes swollen with crying.

'I think father must say that, too,' said the doctor in a moved tone. 'You have proved yourself a little heroine, darling, and I am proud of my daughter.'

'Oh, but I didn't know what was before me when I started,' protested Joan honestly.

'But I never heard that you turned back once when you did know,' retorted the doctor quietly.

'No, Joan, you have stood the test nobly, and my timid little maid has given us an example of the highest kind of courage.'

A Deed and a Word.

(By Charles Mackay.)

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and, lo! the well, by summer never dried,
Has cooled the thousand parched tongues, and saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

A Shelter From the Storm.

(Frank Ellis, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

JONAS HANWAY WHO FIRST CARRIED AN UMBRELLA.

The sight of a gentleman with an umbrella during a shower of rain is a very common one in our streets to-day. But there was a time, and it is only about one hundred and fifty years ago, when such a sight was never seen.

If you look at the picture which illustrates this paper you will see there a picture of the first English gentleman who carried an umbrella during a shower of rain. Before his time ladies had sometimes carried such things, but no gentleman ever thought of doing so.

This gentleman's name was Jonas Hanway, and history tells us some interesting things about him. He was a philanthropist—that is to say, he was a lover of his fellow-men, and was very active in all movements for improving the condition of the poor, for raising the fallen, and doing what he could to make the lives of his fellow-men happier and better.

The citizens of London thought so much of his good works and Christian living, and of his charity and benevolence, that they petitioned the Minister of the Crown to make some recompense to him for all his self-denying labors in the cause of the poor and the distressed, and this was accordingly done.

Such was the man you see in this picture, who had the courage to walk about the streets with so useful an article as an umbrella, and every time when it comes on to rain and you open your umbrella to protect yourself from the rain you may bless the memory of good Jonas Hanway.

Perhaps you have never thought of any lessons that may be learnt from an umbrella and the useful service it renders to us, and yet there are many such. As I look at this picture and see how it sheltered good Jonas Hanway from the descending shower, I think of that verse in Isaiah which says:

'For Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.'

How glad we sometimes are in a heavy shower of rain to put an umbrella up and defy the storm. The very words 'refuge' and 'shelter' are beautiful words. They imply safety and protection. And so we read in the Bible:

'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'

It was this thought that made Charles Wesley sing in his beautiful hymn:

'Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring.
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

But we do not use an umbrella only to protect us from the rain. How thankful we are for it sometimes when the fierce rays of the sun are beating down upon us. I have seen people sometimes on a hot summer's afternoon put up their umbrellas to keep the fierce heat of the sun away from them. Indeed, in Eastern countries the umbrella was used as a shelter from the heat long before it was a familiar sight in our streets.

Some years ago, at the South Kensington Museum, I saw a very big umbrella that had been captured by the English soldiers in one of the African wars. It had belonged formerly to a king, and had often been held above the monarch's head to keep off the heat. And when we think of the umbrella as a protection from the heat of the noon-day, we think of the hymn that says:

'Jesus is a rock in a weary land'

and how it is promised those who trust in God, 'The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, He shall preserve thy soul.'

There are other lessons we might learn from this useful article of protection.

An umbrella is something we may share with another. That which will shelter one will offer shelter to two, and a little kindness such as this may sometimes lead on to pleasant companionship and useful profitable intercourse. For people cannot quarrel under an umbrella. They must be friendly together, and in a humble way we may speak of an umbrella as a peacemaker.

But best is it to remember that after the storm is over we can close our umbrella and look up at the beautiful blue sky of God, and think of His love, who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good.

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

'I have spoken to you of Pompeii,' said the Moon; 'that corpse of a city, exposed in the view of living towns: I know another sight still more strange, and this is not the corpse, but the spectre of a city. Whenever the jetty fountains splash into the marble basins, they seem to me to be telling the story of the floating city. Yes, the spouting water may tell of her, the waves of the sea may sing of her fame! On the surface of the ocean a mist often rests, and that is her widow's veil. The

bridegroom of the sea is dead, his palace and his city are his mausoleum! Dost thou know this city? She has never heard the rolling of wheels or the hoof-tread of horses in her streets, through which the fish swim, while the black gondola glides spectrally over the green water. I will show you the place,' continued the Moon, 'the largest square in it, and you will fancy yourself transported into the city of a fairy tale. The grass grows rank among the broad flagstones, and in the morning twilight thousands of tame pigeons flutter around the solitary lofty tower. On three sides you find yourself surrounded by cloistered walks. In these the silent Turk sits smoking his long pipe, the handsome Greek leans against the pillar and gazes at the upraised trophies and lofty masts, memorials of power that is gone. The flags hang down like mourning scarves. A girl rests there: she has put down her heavy pails filled with water, the yoke with which she has carried them rests on one of her shoulders, and so leans against the mast of victory. That is not a fairy palace you see before you yonder, but a church: the gilded domes and shining orbs flash back my beams; the glorious bronze horses up yonder have made journeys, like the bronze horse in the fairy tale: they have come hither, and gone hence, and have returned again. Do you notice the variegated splendor of the walls and windows? It looks as if Genius had followed the caprices of a child, in the adornment of these singular temples. Do you see the winged lion on the pillar? The gold glitters still, but his wings are tied—the lion is dead, for the king of the sea is dead; the great halls stand desolate, and where gorgeous paintings hung of yore, the naked wall now peers through. The "lazzaron" sleeps under the arcade, whose pavement in old times was to be trodden only by the feet of high nobility. From the deep wells, and perhaps from the prisons by the Bridge of Sighs, rise the accents of woe, as at the time when the tambourine was heard in the gay gondolas, and the golden ring was cast from the "Bucentaur" to Adria, the queen of the seas. Adria! shroud thyself in mists; let the veil of thy widowhood shroud thy form, and clothe in the weeds of woe the mausoleum of thy bridegroom—the marble, spectral Venice.'

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

'I looked down upon a great theatre,' said the Moon. 'The house was crowded, for a new actor was to make his first appearance that night. My rays glided over a little window in the wall, and I saw a painted face with the forehead pressed against the panes. It was the hero of the evening. The knightly beard curled crisply about the chin; but there were tears in the man's eyes, for he had been hissed off, and indeed with reason. The poor Incapable! But Incapables cannot be admitted into the empire of Art. He had deep feeling, and loved his art enthusiastically, but the art loved not him. The prompter's bell sounded; "the hero enters with a determined air," so ran the stage direction in his part, and he had to appear before an audience who turned him into ridicule. When the piece was over, I saw a form wrapped in a mantle, creeping down the steps: it was the vanquished knight of the evening. The scene-shifters whispered to one another, and I followed the poor fellow home to his room. To hang one's self is to die a mean death, and poison is not always at hand, I know; but he thought of both. I saw how he looked at his pale face in the glass, with eyes half closed, to see if he should look well as a corpse. A man may be very unhappy, and yet exceedingly affected. He thought of death, of suicide; I believe he pitied himself, for he wept bitterly, and when a man has had his cry out he doesn't kill himself.

'Since that time a year had rolled by. Again a play was to be acted, but in a little theatre, and by a poor strolling company. Again I saw the well-remembered face, with the painted cheeks and the crisp beard. He looked up at me and smiled; and yet he had been hissed off only a minute before—hissed off from a wretched theatre, by a miserable audience. And to-night a shabby hearse rolled out of the town-gate. It was a suicide—our painted, despised hero. The driver of the hearse was the only person present, for no one followed except my beams. In a corner of the churchyard the corpse of the suicide was shovelled into the earth, and nettles will soon be growing rankly over his grave, and the sexton will throw thorns and weeds from the other graves upon it.'

NINETEENTH EVENING.

'I come from Rome,' said the Moon. 'In the midst of the city, upon one of the seven hills, lie the ruins of the imperial palace. The wild fig tree grows in the clefts of the wall, and covers the nakedness thereof with its broad grey-green leaves; trampling among heaps of rubbish, the ass treads upon green laurels, and rejoices over the rank thistles. From this spot, whence the eagles of Rome once flew abroad, whence they "came, saw, and conquered," our door leads into a little mean house, built of clay between two pillars; the wild vine hangs like a mourning garland over the crooked window. An old woman and her little granddaughter live there: they rule now in the palace of the Caesars, and show to strangers the remains of its past glories. Of the splendid throne-hall only a naked wall yet stands, and a black cypress throws its dark shadow on the spot where the throne once stood. The dust lies several feet deep on the broken pavement; and the little maiden, now the daughter of the imperial palace, often sits there on her stool when the evening bells ring. The keyhole of the door close by she calls her turret window; through this she can see half Rome, as far as the mighty cupola of St. Peter's.

'On this evening, as usual, stillness reigned around; and in the full beam of my light came the little granddaughter. On her head she carried an earthen pitcher of antique shape filled with water. Her feet were bare, her short frock and her white sleeves were torn. I kissed her pretty round shoulders, her dark eyes, and black shining hair. She mounted the stairs; they were steep, having been made up of rough blocks of broken marble and the capital of a fallen pillar. The colored lizards slipped away, startled, from before her feet, but she was not frightened at them. Already she lifted her hand to pull the door-bell—a hare's foot fastened to a string formed the bell-handle of the imperial palace. She paused for a moment—of what might she be thinking? Perhaps of the beautiful Christ-child, dressed in gold and silver, which was down below in the chapel, where the silver candlesticks gleamed so bright, and where her little friends sung the hymns in which she also could join? I know not. Presently she moved again—she stumbled; the earthen vessel fell from her head, and broke on the marble steps. She burst into tears. The beautiful daughter of the imperial palace wept over the worthless broken pitcher; with her bare feet she stood there weeping, and dared not pull the string, the bell-rope of the imperial palace!'

TWENTIETH EVENING.

It was more than a fortnight since the Moon had shone. Now he stood once more, round and bright, above the clouds, moving slowly onward. Hear what the Moon told me.

'From a town in Fezzan I followed a caravan. On the margin of the sandy desert, in a salt plain, that shone like a frozen lake, and was only covered in spots with light drifting sand, a halt was made. The eldest of the company—the water gourd hung at his girdle, and on his head was a little bag of unleavened bread—drew a square in the sand with his staff, and wrote in it a few words out of the Koran, and then the whole caravan passed over the consecrated spot. A young merchant, a child of the East, as I could tell by his eye and his figure, rode pensively forward on his white snorting steed. Was he thinking, perchance, of his fair young wife? It was only two days ago that the camel, adorned with furs and with costly shawls, had carried her, the beauteous bride, round the walls of the city, while drums and cymbals had sounded, the women sang, and festive shots, of which the bridegroom fired the greatest number, resounded round the camel; and now he was journeying with the caravan across the desert.

'For many nights I followed the train. I saw them rest by the well-side among the stunted palms; thrust the knife into the breast of the camel that had fallen, and roasted its flesh by the fire. My beams cooled the glowing sands, and showed them the black rocks, dead islands in the immense ocean of sand. No hostile tribes met them in their pathless route, no storms arose, no columns of sand whirled destruction over the journeying caravan. At home the beautiful wife prayed for her husband and her father. "Are they dead?" she asked of my golden crescent; "Are they dead?" she cried to my full disc. Now the desert lies behind them. This evening they sit beneath the lofty palm trees, where the crane flutters round them with its long wings, and the pelican watches them from the branches of the mimosa. The luxuriant herbage is trampled down, crushed by the feet of elephants. A troop of negroes are returning from a market in the interior of the land: the women, with copper buttons in their black hair, and decked out in clothes dyed with indigo, drive the heavily-laden oxen, on whose backs slumber the naked black children. A negro leads a young lion which he has bought, by a string. They approach the caravan; the young merchant sits pensive and motionless, thinking of his beautiful wife, dreaming, in the land of the blacks, of his white fragrant lily beyond the desert. He raises his head, and——' But at this moment a cloud passed before the Moon, and then another. I heard nothing more from him this evening.

(To be Continued.)

A Princess Sets an Example in Simple Dressing.

'When Princess Louise (the Duchess of Argyle) arrived in Quebec some years ago, she appeared first at luncheon in the dining-room of the hotel. Some of the women visitors staying in the hotel, hearing of the arrival of the royal guest, quickly attired themselves in velvets and jewels. But the Princess came in quietly, wearing a grey cloth gown with linen collar and cuffs.

'"Oh, yes," one of the women exclaimed bitterly, "a princess does not need to assert herself by her clothes." But she forgot that no woman needs to assert herself by her clothes. There is no reason why the daughter of a working man should not be as noble in purpose, as pure in heart, as well-bred and courteous in manner as the daughter of a queen.'—From 'The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine.'

How Not to Fall Out.

(Cora S. Day, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'So you are friendly with her still? I understood that there had been a falling-out between you,' said the mutual friend. The girl to whom these words were addressed laughed, and dropped into an easy chair while she explained the true state of affairs.

'I am sorry that there was any foundation for the rumor,' she said; 'but we did differ on a question of how the decorations should be arranged for the concert. And it came pretty near being as silly a quarrel as any you ever saw—and who ever saw a quarrel that was not silly, after all? But all at once, just as I was thinking of a very irritating thing to say to her, there popped into my head a saying that I had read not long ago. It was: "Two cannot fall out, if one does not choose."

'Now, everybody in this little town knows that Sarah and I have always been dear friends. I wondered all at once if it was worth while to make ourselves both unhappy, and to put a crack into that flawless friendship that might never be hidden entirely again, just for the sake of a few old flowers that might just as well be one way as another—that had better be arranged upside down than to be allowed to turn our love for each other that way.

'So I turned round to Sarah, right off, and instead of saying the hateful thing that had been on the tip of my tongue, I smiled my sweetest, and said, "Just as you please, honey. You always had a knack of fixing flowers that would not do a thing for my fingers."

'You ought to have seen how queer she looked for a second. Then she dropped the bunch she held, and said:

'"You old dear, you have cheated me out of the glory of keeping the peace. Here, help me put them up there, right where you said they should go."

'And I did, and the old saying is all right, and works like a charm. I know, for I've tried it, you see.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Happy Childhood's Song.

(From the 'Somerville Journal.')

Vacation time is nearly gone,
The day will soon return,
When we can go to school again,
And have a chance to learn!
To store our minds with useful lore,
To live our lives by rule,
To see dear teacher every day—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll soon go back to school.

The summer days have seemed so long,
Away from all our books!
You'd know how anxiously we yearned
For school, just by our books.
September, clear and cool,
Will soon be here, and in a week
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll all go back to school!

The Sin of 'Si' Told by Himself.

It wasn't my fault, it was the fault of the girls who brought me, and took me away from my dear country home, up to the noisy, dirty, wicked city, when I was a bit of a kitten.

Down in my own home I could run in the green fields, and sit on my own doorstep and look off at the woods, and have all the fresh milk to drink that I wanted, and a handsome braided rug, in front of a stove, to lie on.

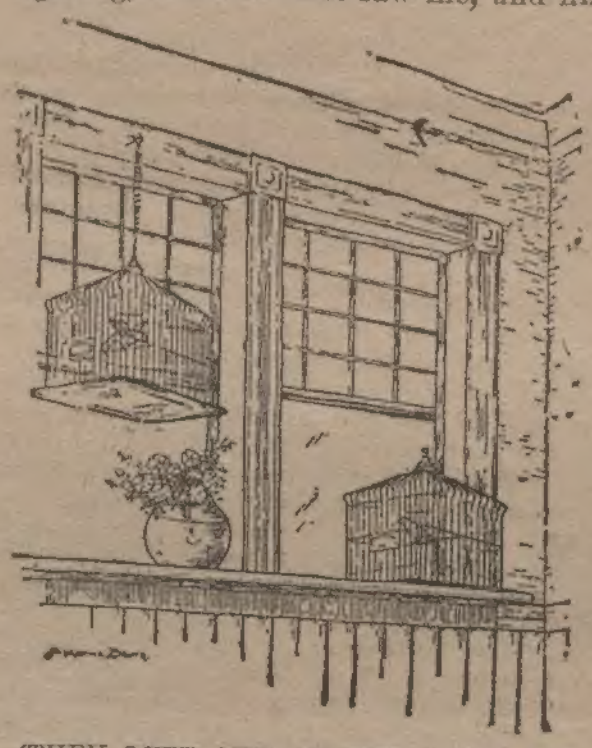
But my new little mistress shut me up in the house, and only let me look out of the windows. The house was beautiful, I suppose, and the window seat was soft and padded, but what of that, when I wanted to run and hunt for things in the grass?

I stayed in the house while I was little but when I grew big and fluffy

'I USED TO SIT AND LOOK AT THEM BY THE HOUR.'

and handsome, did I stay in the house Indeed, no! I sat at the door and mowed, till they let me out, just to make me keep quite. You see I had a strong voice, and when I yowled with all my strength, it was not a pretty noise to hear. I could sing, oh, sweetly, when I wanted to, the richest, deepest gurgle, but I didn't sing when I wanted to go out of doors.

Another thing I learned to do was to fight. I grew so big that I could beat any cat in the neighborhood, and even the Buxton's terrier, no small fighter himself, never even looked at the house when I was sitting on the piazza. He knew the feel of my claws, for he had tried to give me some lessons in fighting, when he first saw me, and his



'THEY LEFT ONE OF THE CAGES ON THE WINDOW LEDGE.'

mistress had to keep him tied up in lint for a week, and he let me alone ever afterwards. All this because they didn't leave me down in my dear green country.

However, I was fairly happy after a while, and loved my little mistress dearly, for she was always good to me, and called me by my whole name which was Osiris, after a king in Egypt, a very sensible country, where the cat was a sacred animal. Most people called me 'Si.' Just fancy, as if my name were Silas or some other cheap and common name.

Everything was going along happily in our home, until someone gave the 'Missis' a present of two canary birds. Can you fancy anyone being such a stupid as to send two canaries into a family where the most important member of the family is a royal cat? A I such ill bred and saucy birds you never saw. They would peer at me through the bars of the cage and say, 'Sweet? Sweet?' and then throw up their heads, and go off into trills of silly laughing. It was all sweet enough to listen to if it hadn't been so utterly insulting to me.

Didn't I just hunger to fasten my claws onto them. I used to sit and look at them, by the hour, together, until my little mistress said to me, 'Osiris, what are you looking at Jack and Jill so for? Would you really hurt those dear little birds?'

'Mia-aou-aou,' I said, trying to let her know just how little would be left of these dear little birdies if I could once get my claws on them.

One day they forgot, and left one of the cages on the window ledge, in the sitting room. The ledge was high and I had grown a little too heavy for high jumping, but I was bound to try it, with the hope of getting hold of one of those hateful birds.

I watched, and balanced, and jumped. I jumped, but, with my eyes on the bird cage, I forgot to look at anything else, and didn't see a big, heavy bowl with a plant in it, also on the window seat.

Talk about bumps, or earthquakes! I hit that bowl with all my might, which isn't small, and the bowl joggled on the window seat, and then fell down right on top of my head. I was so stunned that I couldn't even cry, and that means a lot, but I came to myself before anyone came in and caught me, and I just slipped out of doors for a while.

But I left those birds alone, after that. I used to look at them once in a while, but I never tried to touch them because—well I Just didn't, that's all.

—'Child's Hour.'

Three Little Boys.

(Louise Jamison, in the 'Eagle.')

In a prickly green house,
On the top of a tree,
Lived three little boys,
Just as fat as could be.
With nothing to do,
But to sleep and to grow,
And that isn't work,
As you very well know.

But one day, bleak Northwind
Came by with a shout,
'Wake up, lazy babies,'
He called, 'and come out.'
'Please show us the door,'
Begged the little boys three.
'We are shut in so tight,
Not a thing can we see.'

'Oh, ho!' cried Jack Frost,
With a chuckle of glee,
'I'll open your door,
That job suits me.'
Tap, tap went his fingers,
And with never a sound,
All those fat little boys
Tumbled down to the ground.

'Good gracious! What's happened?'
The fattest one cried.
'You pushed us, that's what,'
The others replied.
Just then, through the woods,
Came John on a run.
'Ripe chestnuts, oh Crackey!'
He cried, 'Oh, what fun!'

How Fritz Went to School.

(Alice E. Allen, in the 'Christian Register.')

School had begun. But somehow the out-of-door things didn't seem to know it. Sunbeams danced on the grass. Bits of breezes whispered, 'The woods are so cool and green and still; we're going back—going back—going back.' The little brook called over and over, 'I'm off to the sea where the waves are playing with the sands. Want to come along—come along—come along?'

It was hard work being boys and girls shut up in a school-room.

Miss Merry knew it. Miss Merry was yet so much a little girl herself

that she knew quite as well as the children did what the breezes whispered and what the brook called.

So, when through the open door Fritz came, Miss Merry smiled and said gaily: 'Good-morning, Fritz. Have you come to school? Children if

you'll all be very, very, very, quiet, I'll let Fritz stay.'

It was so nice to have a dog in school that every one was very, very, very quiet. Even the littlest new boy tried to sit still. And Fritz! Well, if Fritz ever minded anyone, it was Miss Merry. So, when she told him to lie down and be a good dog, he did so. For a long time he watched Miss Merry out of the corners of his bright brown eyes. She might have some candy somewhere. But Miss Merry went quietly on with her classes, and candy wasn't even mentioned. So by-and-by Fritz went off to sleep.

Everyone was so good Miss Merry said for a change they might spell down. They must all stand up in a row, and toe a crack just as their grandfathers and grandmothers had done long ago.

The little, old schoolhouse had grown into a big, handsome brick one. But it stood under the very same elm tree, beside the very same little stream.

It was funny to think of grandfathers and grandmothers toeing a crack. It was funnier still to think that they had once learned to spell the very same words, the littlest new boy was learning.

Everything went well. They were very little folks, you know, so they spelled very little words. But, little as the words were, the line of little folks toeing the crack grew shorter and shorter.

At last only Babe and Tony were left.

'Rats,' said Miss Merry, clearly.

'R,' began Tony.

Fritz's eyes popped open. His ears stood up stiff and straight. The hair along his spine rose slowly.

'Rats,' said Miss Merry again. She rolled the 'r' a little. She sounded the 't' and the 's' plainly to help Tony.

'R,' said Tony. But what more he said no one ever knew, for Fritz spoke. 'Boof! Boof! Boof!' he said as loud as he could. Then before you could think 'Jack Robinson' or even 'Rats' again, he was off, barking wildly. Round round and round the room he ran. Books fell off the desks. Pencil boxes rattled and crashed. Pencils rolled off by themselves. The littlest new boy was upset. The waste paper basket tipped over. Then Fritz landed on Miss Merry's desk. 'Boof!' he said indignantly. 'Where are they? I can't find any rats.'

Into the midst of all this confusion came the principal. The children were crowding about Miss Merry. The littlest new boy cried in her arms. And Miss Merry? she laughed until all the children laughed. Even the littlest new boy found a sob turned into a funny little gurgle. And the principal, who had meant to scold, found he couldn't be heard unless he laughed too. So he did. And, as soon as she could speak, Miss Merry explained.

When Fritz had been sent home, and everything was quiet again. Tony put up his hand. 'Please Miss Merry,' he said, 'who spelled down?'

The littlest new boy spoke right out loud in school. 'I know,' he cried, 'Twas Fritz. Wasn't it Miss Merry?'—

Where is Jesus?

(A Child's Hymn.)

'I am with you, and will be in you.'
Where is Jesus, little children?
Is He up in heaven?
Has God taken back the present
Which of old was given?

Where is Jesus, little children?
Is He in a book?
Has He ceased to talk to people,
And on them to look?

Where is Jesus, little children?
With us evermore.
He is here, and we may find Him
Shut within this door.

Jesus is a lovely spirit,
Lowly, pure, and kind;
Feeling in the hearts of people,
Thinking in their mind.
Self-forgetting, gentle mercy,
Love that will not die,
These betray the heart of Jesus,
Tell us He is nigh.

Shut within the souls of children,
Jesus makes His home;
Where the heart has heard Him knocking,
And has bid Him come.

Jesus, make in us Thy dwelling;
Come with us to live,
And to each and all our doings
Thy dear beauty give.

—'Sunday at Home.'

A LONG HEAD.

One of the bright boys who sells the 'Canadian Pictorial' in Quebec recently said in paying for his last lot: 'I am sending the full proceeds of my sale, but I don't want any premium yet. I want to save up for Christmas.' So here he is in the summer vacation with his mind set on the things he wants to get—for himself or give away—when the Christmas season comes along. Good boy that! and he knows he can pile up his profits with us as safely as if he were banking his money. Then when he has sixty or eighty copies sold he can select a nice assortment of premiums. Two brothers we know have close on 200 copies to the good now for a good large premium by and by.

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Courage.

(The Rev. C. B. Clark, in the 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

Sound the bugle, loud and long,
Marching on a million strong,
The conquering prohibition throng
Leads the way.
Girded with redeeming might,
Led by an unerring light
They shall in the glorious fight,
Win the day.

Sundered are old party ties,
Politicians, keen and wise,
See the angry billows rise,
And quake with fear;
For they know their doom is sealed,
To the new the old must yield,
The way is clear.

Truth shall strike a final blow,
Smiting down a common foe,
For the dread saloon must go
The country o'er.
By a power that is divine,
Moving forward into line
God unfolds His great design
More and more.

And a brighter day is near,
In the Heavens the signs appear,
Filling human hearts with cheer,
As they see
Inscribed upon our banners bright
In letters of undying light
That God will lead us in the right
To victory.

The Cripple of Connor's Lane.

Warwick Little-Falcon, author of 'Rammlie Readings,' in 'Everybody's Magazine.')

One of the most interesting cases that came under my notice during my workhouse chaplaincy was the little girl Peary, whom I had the pleasure of seeing pulled through a difficult and ugly operation. In those days I ran out and in among the poor in Connor's Lane. It was then I saw the little girl Peary for the first time. You never saw a sweeter little face than the face of the little cripple child.

Nellie Peary was an only child, and she would be sitting at the door watching for father, or running about the door with the help of a stick.

She was always glad to see me, and used to beg me to come into the house and wait for father's return. It would be quite impossible for one who had not seen it, to realise how that little cripple girl of about fourteen years of age kept the house spotlessly clean and cooked her father's meals. Exhilarating it was, too, to see, on a summer evening, the little girl hobbling along to meet her father, and to see the father, a great, strong man, taking her up and carrying her just as a mother carries a baby. His rugged affection for the child was intense, and was fully reciprocated.

But alas! I discovered that it had not always been so. I soon learned from the neighbors, on going my rounds, the sad story of the child's misfortune.

Alex. Peary was just a laboring man, earning about sixteen or eighteen shillings a week. When he married he was a sober, well-doing young man, but he learned to drink soon after, and when drunk he was the terror not only of his young wife, but of the whole of Connor's Lane. Night after night he would come home brutalized with drink and treat his wife and child with the grossest cruelty.

Poor Mrs. Peary was a delicate woman, and when her little girl was about eight or nine years old she sunk under the cruel treatment, sickened and died.

Peary pulled himself together for a short time, and the loss of his wife seemed to have made a deep impression on his mind. But it was short-lived. In two or three months he was as bad as ever.

If he was a terror in his drunken fits to his wife, he was more a terror now to his little girl. The child had at that early age to begin to learn to prepare the father's meals. Occasionally a kind neighbor woman would look in and help the little girl to tidy up the house.

As the child grew older and stronger she used to go at night to meet her father, and many a night she would bring him home all the way from the public-house. Especially would the child always try to lure him home on the evenings on which he received his wages, before he had made too big a hole in his meagre earnings. It was on one of these Friday evenings that the awful accident happened that had left the child the cripple that she was when I found her. The father was drinking in the public-house, and little Nellie was waiting outside at the door, occasionally stealing a glance round the door to see if father was coming. There were other children there, and every few minutes the publican's apprentice would come out with a wet towel in his hand, and, shaking the cloth at them, he would run after them to frighten them away.

At last Alex. Peary came staggering out, a great deal worse from drink than usual. As little Nellie came running forward to seize his arm he gave a lurch and tossed her rudely into the gutter.

She picked herself up and, weeping bitterly, she followed at his heels. It was an intensely dark and dreary night. It had rained nearly all day, and the poor flickering light of the two or three mean lamps in Long Street seemed to make the darkness drearier still. Up the long street the drunk man reeled homewards. Several times on the footpath he staggered up against the passers-by, who pushed him out of their way, and he went reeling out into the open roadway.

(To be continued.)

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Affected People.

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The affectation of excessive timidity which screams at slight causes, and flings itself help-

lessly on the manly protection nearest at hand if only a spider or earwig comes into view; and the affectation of unnatural courage which boasts itself not to be daunted by anything in the world or out of it, and that says it never knew the sensation of fear—the affectation of extreme sensitiveness, which takes the Æolian harp for its favorite emblem, and is as responsive to every wind that blows; and the affectation of nether-millstone denseness which ridicules nerves, impressionability, everything that the over-sensitive flourish before your eyes as their diploma of superiority;—the affectation of delicacy which cannot bear to hear of disease, suffering, vice, sorrow, and the affectation of that cold, hard, matter-of-fact nature which will talk of death at a ball, of diseases at the dinner-table, and of horrors everywhere, then if rebuked, and its charnel house conversation objected to, says it is human life, and all people ought to know the facts of humanity; these are instances of this vice of affectation known to most of us, and disliked by all.—'Christian Globe.'

A Bethel in the Attic.

Mrs. Prentiss beautifully expressed what many another soul has silently felt, when she wrote: 'A little room of my own, and a regular hour morning and night, all of my own, would enable me, I think, to say, "Now let life do its worst!"' We have heard of a mother with a large family in a small house, who often declared to herself that she would 'give up' if it were not for the bolt on the inside of the attic storeroom door. She had bought that bolt and put it on herself unknown to anyone. In among the scrap-bags hanging from the rafters, and the piles of trunks and boxes, there was the Bethel of one soul pressing its way heavenward. Not that she ever had a whole morning or night to herself. The most of her praying had to be done afoot, but there were sometimes precious, odd moments when she could kneel at her Master's feet.

A Wayside Grave.

(William S. C. Webster, D.D., in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

I thought that I knew that cemetery thoroughly. My own little children's bodies are sleeping there. Many other graves make me stop and think, for I had been the village pastor for years and it had been my life to speak the words of Christian faith and hope when the earth, freshly upturned, hid the grass and the wild flowers.

But one day in going to my own plot I was surprised by a strangely marked grave. There was no stone at all at head or foot, only a wooden marker in the shape of a cross, a board so badly weather-beaten that one could not tell whether it had ever been painted or had been only whitewashed. On it were painted a name, a few figures and a verse of Scripture—a boy's name, a life so short that days rather than months would count it, and such a strangely chosen text:

'And while he was a blessing unto them, he was parted from them and carried up into Heaven.'

The inexplicable inexactness of the quotation was, however, not as puzzling as its grotesque inappropriateness. The sublime ascension of the triumphant Christ and the unnoticed dropping into the earth of this little leaf from the tree of humanity, contrast at every point, resemblance at none. But surely here is no place for the smile of derision, but rather for the tear of pity for the home that had lost its 'blessing.' Who, I wondered, had chosen that verse for an epitaph? It must have been either father or mother.

How true to life it is from the standpoint of the home-heart. 'He blessed them,' 'he was a blessing unto them.' Yes, they wished to tell of the joy this little fellow had brought them. Poor people they certainly were, for as surely as the pair of pigeons in the hands of the Virgin showed that her means did not suffice for a lamb' (Luke ii., 24, and Leviticus, xii., 8) so the wooden slab proved that they could not afford stone or marble. Poor, but rich in the treasure which they had kept for those three months, and which, although taken from them, is kept for them in heaven. Did these parents then, poor as to the world, but rich, we may hope, in faith, grasp the sublime gospel of Matt. xviii., 5, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me'? If so, he was indeed a blessing unto them, as they so quaintly put it, and a blessing he will ever be.

Of course it may be that a father's heart has read these thoughts into the inscription, and that they never were in the minds of those who set up this fragile memorial of their short-lived blessing. I know that after a long absence I visited the cemetery again and as I read the scarcely legible words, I said, 'Not so much God be pitiful as God be praised—God be praised for the visits, short as they are, of the little children; God be praised, too, for the hope that we, too, having become as little children, may be a blessing here and may be carried up into Heaven.'

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